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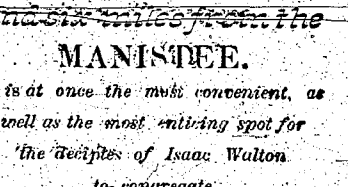
LODGING FOR TRANSIENT MEN.
 MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
 ALL **CAME IN** SEASON
 ALL **CAME IN** SEASON
 JOE. MILLS, Prop'r.
 WATER ST., BAY CITY, MICH.
 OPPOSITE MILLER'S HARDWARE STORE
 HAVE YOUR
JOB PRINTING
 DONE AT THE
 AVALANCHE JOB OFFICE.
 WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

ATTENTION!!!
The Best Camp Medicines.
FOR ALL
WOMEN'S LIVER PILLS.
WOMEN CELEBRATED
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Tonsorial Artist,
EXCHANGE HOTEL, GRAYLING
Michigan.
~~_____~~
HOTEL, HOTEL,
GRAYLING HOUSE,
S. HARTWICK, PROPRIETOR.
OPPOSITE J. L. & S. DEPOT.
GRAYLING, MICH.

Having enlarged addi-
tion to my house, I am
now prepared to offer
superior accommodations
to Sportsmen
and pleasure seekers.
Teams, Bouts and fish-
ing tackle read-
ings for the
Guests.

Grayling is situated
in the La Sabie river.



"And you throw in your bait,
—No matter how fast;
For you catch your next fish,
With a snap of the jaw."

PRICES REASONABLE.

POWELL BROS,
DEALERS IN

TIN-WARE,
BOOTS & SHOES,
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STANDARD A SUGAR 91-2CENTS
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PROPORTION.
Powell Bros.
Otsego Lake, Mich.

some of the leading Companies
doing business in the State, at
the lowest living rates.
GEO. H. MAURER.
Grayling, Mich.

Submitted by: Address H. Haller & Co
Geneva, Maine.

The Avalanche

GEORGE H. MAURER, PUBLISHER.

ARIZONA, MICHIGAN.

LOST.

In other years, when life was gay,
I took a gem of precious worth,
And I placed it in my hat.
I asked not when the breeze blew,
That through my locks it did play,
Unloosed the jewel from my brow.
It fell to earth, and there it lay.
Time drove the roses from my cheek,
And dimmed the radiance of mine eye,
And then I thought me of the gem
That I had cast so lightly by.
I went to look for it in the field,
And while I searched in vain the place,
I saw another maiden pass,
A vision fair of youth and grace.
And lo! upon her brow of snow
I saw my long lost treasure shine,
Far, far less brilliant than of yore.
And yet I knew that it was mine.
I trembled with joy, and eager cried,
"Give back, restore what is mine own!"
She, answering, said, "Nay, once 'twas mine;
But now it mine, and mine alone!"
"I found the gem thou couldst not prize
Lying unheeded in the mire;
I cannot find my love's pure heart,
And now 'tis all my heart's desire,
She went her way, and I was left
To gaze into a cold blank life,
Or love and hope alike bereft—
A homeless lot of toil and strife."

TOM'S STORY.

How He Became a Congressman.

There was a little fellow among the New England lads, years ago, as there are many now, whose parents were poor. He could not remember the time when he wore shoes and stockings in the summer. Sometimes in the winter, when he was obliged to walk three miles to school, and wade through snowdrifts that did not melt until the last of May, he did wear such as his father had rejected, and a pair of shoes that slipped up and down every step he took. Nevertheless they were shoes and stockings, and he was infinitely prouder of them than any King living is of his crown.

One day, as Tom was plodding along with his old slipshod shoes, puffing from exertion and blowing his blue fingers to keep them warm, there came dashing down the hill a sleigh such as the youngsters had never seen; no, indeed, nor even dreamed of. And the horse! Tom stopped blowing, so intense was his admiration of the elegant creature that came foaming and tossing its daintily arched neck right and left.

Tom sprang aside, at the very last moment, and as he sank up to his chin in the light snow off his old cloth cap from his head, and bobbed up and down as if he were in the presence of the President.

"Jump on behind, my lad," shouted the rider, "jump on behind." And Tom did jump on at the peril of his life, and away they went, tearing along with great speed, until over went the sleigh, and out went riders and buffaloes, and things generally.

Tom sprang to the horse's head, and clinging to the bit, the tips of his great cowhide shoes touching the snow, asked if the gentleman was hurt.

"Not a bit of it, my lad," said he, shaking himself free of the snow, "only warmed up a little. What's the damage?"

"Nothing at all, I see," returned Tom, his handsome face glowing with good humor as he yielded the horse to the stranger.

"You are going to school?" asked the stranger, as he gathered up the reins.

"Yes, sir."

"How far?"

"Guess it is about two miles from here."

The gentleman turned and looked into his face, and then glanced all over Tom's figure, even to his feet.

"He sees my shoes," thought Tom proudly, to himself, giving his feet a shove forward to make certain that they should be seen.

The gentleman did see them, and smiled in spite of himself as he glanced to Tom's face.

He then kindly pulled the yarn furs around the boy, and, pulling his cap over his eyes, shouted, "Go along, Nell!" And the chestnut mare, now thoroughly sobered, commenced the ascent of what was known therabouts as the long hill. She was evidently accustomed to having her own way, for she availed herself of every little chance to rest, and did not allow herself to be pressed forward until the whip was applied.

Tom wondered what had possessed the creature a few minutes before. He scratched his head on the right side and then on the left, and finally, his Yankee curiosity getting the better of his diffidence, he asked:

"If you please, sir, what was it that made the mare run?"

"A stump," returned the gentleman, with a smile. "Nell is a little aristocratic, and shies at all such plebeian things. She does not know that a stump was the making of her master."

Tom scratched his head again, and wriggled all over. Then out came the question, "How could a stump be the making of a man?"

"My lad," answered the stranger, marking the white surface of the snow gently with his whip, "I was a poor boy, and my father could not afford to send me to school. We worked very hard, but I used to study evenings by the light of the fire, and learned the whole of the Latin grammar by the light of one pitchfork."

For a moment Tom sat perfectly still. Then he asked, as if ashamed of his ignorance:

"Please, sir, what's a Latin grammar?"

This last question aroused the gentleman, and becoming sensible that the little fellow at his side was thirsting for knowledge, he very kindly went over such parts of his history as he thought would be of interest to him, and ended by saying that he was a member of Congress.

The last announcement almost took the lad's breath away. He had heard of members of Congress, but he had an idea that they were myths, whom nobody ever saw. Perhaps the awe with which Tom regarded him as he glanced up sideways into his face flattered the gentleman, for he said, smiling:

"You are just as likely to be a member of Congress as I! You know in America success is to the determined and brave. If you study as I did, you may possibly rise as high—yes—perhaps higher!"

"But I haven't any Latin grammar, sir," said Tom.

"No? Well, would you like one?"

"Yes, sir," cried Tom, with flashing eyes.

"Well, my lad, I shall come this way again, and I will leave one at the school-house for you."

"But I haven't any money."

"Never mind; you can pay me when you get to Congress."

"Thank you," said Tom; "I won't forget it, sir."

The gentleman looked down at him with a quizzical smile, and the two rode on in silence until they reached the school-house.

"Please don't forget the grammar, suggested Tom, as he lifted the old cap again."

"Not I," returned the gentleman. "A man who cannot keep a promise should not make one—hey, my lad?"

Nell tossed her head, and the boy soon lost sight of the driver. Then he looked down at his shoes, at his coat, and his old cap as he hung it on a peg in the entry, and silently contrasted them all with the fur-trimmed overcoat and outfit of the stranger.

"Never mind," said Tom to himself, "I will have them, too, when I am a member of Congress."

At the end of two weeks a bundle of books was left at the school-house. There was not only a Latin grammar, but a well-worn copy of "Virgil," "Esop's Fables," and sundry other volumes such as Tom had never seen.

Pine knots were plentiful where Tom lived, and he set up until midnight all the rest of the winter, pondering over the mysteries of these books.

As good luck would have it, the schoolmaster, who boarded around with his pupils, had not eaten the ration's due him at Tom's father's. When he arrived he entered warmly into the lad's ambitious projects, and as he had a smattering of Latin himself, was qualified to aid his pupil.

Although the schoolmaster was allowed the use of a tallow candle, he vastly preferred the more brilliant light of Tom's pine knot, so that as often as the long winter evening set in the master and pupil might be seen (and were seen) sitting before the large fireplace with their heads buried in the pages of the books, along which they plodded slowly, but for such purpose that at the end of the winter Tom could read his fable and solve his problem in a manner very creditable to himself and master.

It was uphill work with poor Tom, but he never lost what little he gained, and managed to make what little he accomplished tell in the future.

One day his father brought home a stranger, and told Tom he was acquainted, during his minority, to this man who would make him a blacksmith.

"But I am not going to be a blacksmith!" cried Tom, in a passion, "I'm going to Congress!"

"The more need that you should learn to shoe the horse that carries you there," replied the father, with a shrug.

Tom packed up his worldly goods, not forgetting his books, and trudged away to a distant village, where he pared horses' hoofs by day, and studied and read at night by stealth, for he was allowed neither knot nor candle.

Six months the poor fellow was faithful to his duty; but one night, when his master had thrown his grammar into the fire, and upbraided him for his disobedience, Tom took leave of the workshop. He made his way, barefooted as he was, over bogs and briers, until he ventured into the main road, and by dint of begging a ride now and then reached the city, where—as Ben Franklin had done before him—with his roll under his arm, he sought and obtained employment.

Perhaps the happiest day of Tom's life was when he found himself in the antiquarian bookstore with plenty of leisure, plenty of books, and nothing to fear from friend or foe. It was wonderful how he read—and read.

The parched earth does not more greedily devour the summer rain.

When his intellectual thirst was partially satisfied, he began to work. He saw the ladder up which he must climb, and, seizing the lowest round, he made his way steadily upward. We all know by what steps an ambitious man makes progress, by patient toil—by self-denial by courteous deportment by the acquisition of knowledge.

Years passed by, during all of which Tom had looked in vain for his early friend the stranger. In his timid awkwardness, he had not thought to ask the name of his benefactor, and the only opportunity to do so had been lost.

Well, years slid away, and Tom was

elected member of Congress from the very county where he spent his struggling boyhood. He went to Washington, not in cowhide shoes and buttoned-up homespun, but dressed something as imagination had pictured, as he looked after his benefactor on the eventful day of the sleigh-ride. A nobler-looking man, the ladies in the galleries said, never had appeared upon the floor than this Yankee member, who, if he spoke through his nose, always drove his arrows—home to the mark.

One day there appeared in the House the venerable form of an ex-member, whom all present delighted to honor. It needed but one glance at that genial face for Tom to recognize in him the giver of the Latin grammar. "He had once," he said, "to listen to the gentleman who had so manfully defended the right, and to wish him Godspeed!"

"If it had been my good fortune to do anything for our country in the hour of her peril, I owe my ability to do so, in a great measure, to yourself."

"To me!" echoed the astonished gentleman; "to me! I do not recollect ever having had the pleasure of meeting you before in my life."

"Ah, sir, have you forgotten, then, the little school-boy among the hills of New Hampshire, to whom you so kindly told a Latin grammar?"

The gentleman mused.

"Sold—sold a Latin grammar! Now that you recall the incident, I do recollect a little fellow that interested me, and to whom I gave some school-books."

"Well, sir, I am that boy. You told me that I might pay for them when I got to Congress. If you will honor me by meeting a few friends at dinner I will settle the bill!"

A BEAR UP A TREE.

The Exquisite Experience of a Winter in a Virginia Woods.

(From the greenberry of a lady's agent.)

Messrs. Lee Cackley, Allen Grimes, Chesley Rodgers, and three others, met at a point some five or six miles from Mill point, on what is known as Stampington creek, with the intention of taking a deer chase. Mr. Rodgers took the deer and went to the woods to start the deer. After having traveled a considerable distance, his attention was drawn to the fierce barking of his dogs a short distance off. Mr. Rodgers quickened his pace, striking a bee-line for the dogs. He soon discovered that he had "treed" something. He advanced cautiously toward the tree. Suddenly he was very much frightened, for, close by tugging the tree, was a very large black bear. Mr. Rodgers concluded to "try him a pop," as he expressed it, and, having first pulled off his boots in order that he would not be incumbered in case he should have to climb a tree, he took aim and fired, when, to his great astonishment, Bruin jumped out of the tree and made for another one.

Mr. Rodgers saw him run up a large cherry tree, and immediately started in pursuit, approaching as closely to the tree as he thought advisable, and looked up in the top for Bruin; but it seems that Bruin had concluded not to go so high this time, and was sticking only three or four feet from the ground on the other side of the tree. Being wounded, and not in a very good humor, he soon discovered Rodgers, and started toward him, evidently intending to use him up. Rodgers, however, took to his heels. He did not run far until he thought he was in the neighborhood of a large spring.

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

William Beaumont, Physiologist.

The subject of this sketch was for many years a surgeon in the United States army. He was born at Lebanon, Ct., in 1796, and died in St. Louis, in 1853. Dr. Beaumont was noted as a man of unusual skill in his profession. He is principally celebrated, however, for his discoveries regarding the laws of digestion, resulting from his experiments upon the living body of Alexis St. Martin. In 1822 Dr. Beaumont was stationed at Michilimackinac, in the then Territory of Michigan. In the summer of that year St. Martin, a young man 18 years of age, in the service of the American Fur Company, was accidentally shot, receiving the whole charge of a musket in his left side, from a distance of about three feet, which carried with it portions of his clothing, fractured two ribs, lacerated the lungs, and entered the stomach. Dr. Beaumont restored him, in a year, to good health, with his former strength and spirits, though the aperture in his body was never closed. In 1825 Dr. Beaumont commenced a series of experiments upon the stomach of St. Martin, studying its operations, secretions, the action of the gastric juices, etc. These experiments he renewed at various times, until his death, his patient during so many years presenting the remarkable spectacle of a man enjoying good health, appetite and spirits, with an aperture opening into his stomach through which the whole action of the organ might be observed.

The result of his experiments was published by Dr. Beaumont in 1833. He was thus the first who actually obtained the gastric juice in the human subject, and demonstrated beyond a doubt its chemical properties and digestive powers. Previous to this time Beaumont in 1752, Stevens in 1777, and Spallanzani in 1787 had given evidence to show that digestion must be accomplished in the stomach by means of a solvent fluid, and some experiments had even detected certain of the ingredients of this fluid. But Dr. Beaumont first obtained the gastric juice in considerable quantity, and showed that it had the power, outside the body, at proper temperatures, of liquifying and dissolving various articles of food.

St. Martin, the man upon whom these extraordinary experiments were conducted by Dr. Beaumont, is, we believe, still living in Oakdale, Mass.

Abd-el-Kader, Warrior-Chief.

The subject of this sketch, who is reported to have died at Damascus, in Syria, not long ago, at the age of 72, was the most noted Arab warrior and chieftain of the nineteenth century. His fame is built upon his conflicts with the French, who captured his country about fifty years ago, and his success in establishing under his banners the patriotism and religious zeal of his countrymen. His first treaty with the invaders left him sovereign of the province of Oran, in 1831, and his services became at once directed by the endeavor to introduce into his army the discipline and the tactics of his European enemies. Soon afterward he renewed the war, being dissatisfied with the contracted dimensions of his sway, and for nearly ten years harassed in succession the battalions of Gen. Trezel, Marshal Clauzel and Gen. Bugeaud, until the last named officer defeated him on Dec. 23, 1843, and drove him out of Algeria. He took refuge in Morocco, but the Emperor of the Moors was himself put to flight by the victorious French, and to save his life, was compelled to throw Abd-el-Kader overboard. Only his own tribe now remained faithful to the unfortunate Algerine. The odds were against him. His guerrilla warfare against the Moors and the Gaul ended in his captivity by the latter, and his transportation as a prisoner to Paris in 1848, although he had capitulated on condition that his personal liberty should be spared and an exit to Alexandria or St. Jean d'Acre, in Syria, be permitted.

In the Castle of Pau, France, and afterward in the Castle of Amboise, near Blois, he was kept in close confinement until, in 1852, Napoleon III. released him on his oath on the Koran not to oppose French rule in Africa. This oath Abd-el-Kader kept, and also a pension of \$20,000 from the Government that had captured him. At the great International Exhibition in Paris, in 1855, he was a conspicuous visitor. He went to Damascus, and nobly and courageously befriended the Christians during the bloody Syrian riots in the summer of 1860. Ten years later, after visits to Egypt, to England and to France, he offered his sword to Napoleon on the opening of the Franco-German war. For obvious reasons the offer was declined with thanks. One of his twenty-four children, a daughter, has been converted to Christianity.

A HARD RIDE WITH HOOKER.

Soon after "Fighting Joe" Hooker was installed as Commanding General of the Army of the Potomac, vice Gen. Burnside, he was visited at his quarters, near Falmouth, Va., by President Lincoln, whom Gen. Hooker accompanied by several members of his staff, met at Aquia creek. Now, Gen. Hooker was not only a hard rider, but a hard rider. A horse had been provided for the President, and when everybody was mounted, away went the cavalcade led by Gen. Hooker, at a full gallop, plunging through the mud and darkness toward Falmouth, some ten or twelve miles away. Several times during the ride Mr. Lincoln intimated that an easier pace would suit him better, but "Fighting Joe" kept forging ahead until headquarters were reached. Every-

body, including Mr. Lincoln, was covered with mud from head to foot, and, on dismounting, Gen. Hooker, who seemed to have enjoyed his ride, advanced to Mr. Lincoln, and, extending a pair of gauntlets, said, in a jocular way: "Mr. President, keep these to remind you of our ride to-night." "No," replied the President, grimly surveying his mud-covered person, "keep your gauntlets; I shall need nothing to remind me of our ride to-night."—Baltimore Gazette.

MINT MATTERS.

Annual Report of Hon. H. C. Burghard, Director of the Mint, to the Secretary of the Treasury.

The report of Mr. Burghard, Director of the Mint, is, as is to be expected, devoted to the support of Burchard's belief in bi-metalism. He says that during the last year the total output of gold and silver coins of the United States amounted to \$71,120,054.05, of which \$43,531,156.85 was gold and \$27,588,897.20 of silver. Of the above amounts \$35,519,305.93 of gold and \$20,728,556.57 of silver were of domestic production, \$108,683,170 of gold and \$10,637,707 of silver were in United States coin, \$1,060,706.98 of gold and \$1,072,010.20 of silver were of foreign bullion; \$1,358,876.71 of gold and \$698,629.40 of silver were foreign coin, and \$937,751.14 of gold and \$308,693.73 of silver were of plate and other manufactured articles. The amounts of gold and silver prepared in the refineries of the United States and assay offices at New York were \$20,700,540.97 of gold and \$10,567,530.97 of silver, a total of \$31,268,071.94. The amount of gold and silver refined at the assay offices at Philadelphia was \$1,060,706.98 of gold and \$1,072,010.20 of silver, a total of \$2,132,717.18. The amount of gold and silver refined at the assay offices at St. Louis was \$1,060,706.98 of gold and \$1,072,010.20 of silver, a total of \$2,132,717.18. The amount of gold and silver refined at the assay offices at San Francisco was \$1,060,706.98 of gold and \$1,072,010.20 of silver, a total of \$2,132,717.18. The amount of gold and silver refined at the assay offices at New Orleans was \$1,060,706.98 of gold and \$1,072,010.20 of silver, a total of \$2,132,717.18. The amount of gold and silver refined at the assay offices at New York was \$1,060,706.98 of gold and \$1,072,010.20 of silver, a total of \$2,132,717.18. The amount of gold and silver refined at the assay offices at Philadelphia was \$1,060,706.98 of gold and \$1,072,010.20 of silver, a total of \$2,132,717.18. 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